

WESTERN ADVENTURES

TIM HOLT



No. 8

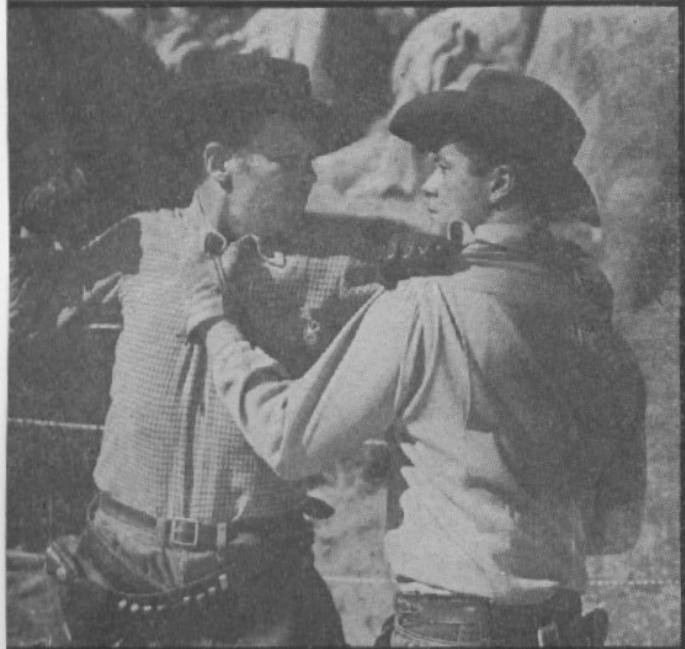
COWBOY STAR OF THE MOVIES



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TIM HOLT'S WESTERN ALBUM



But this looks more serious! Tim and a badman prepare to fight it out. If Tim can duck that right and get in an uppercut, the war's over!



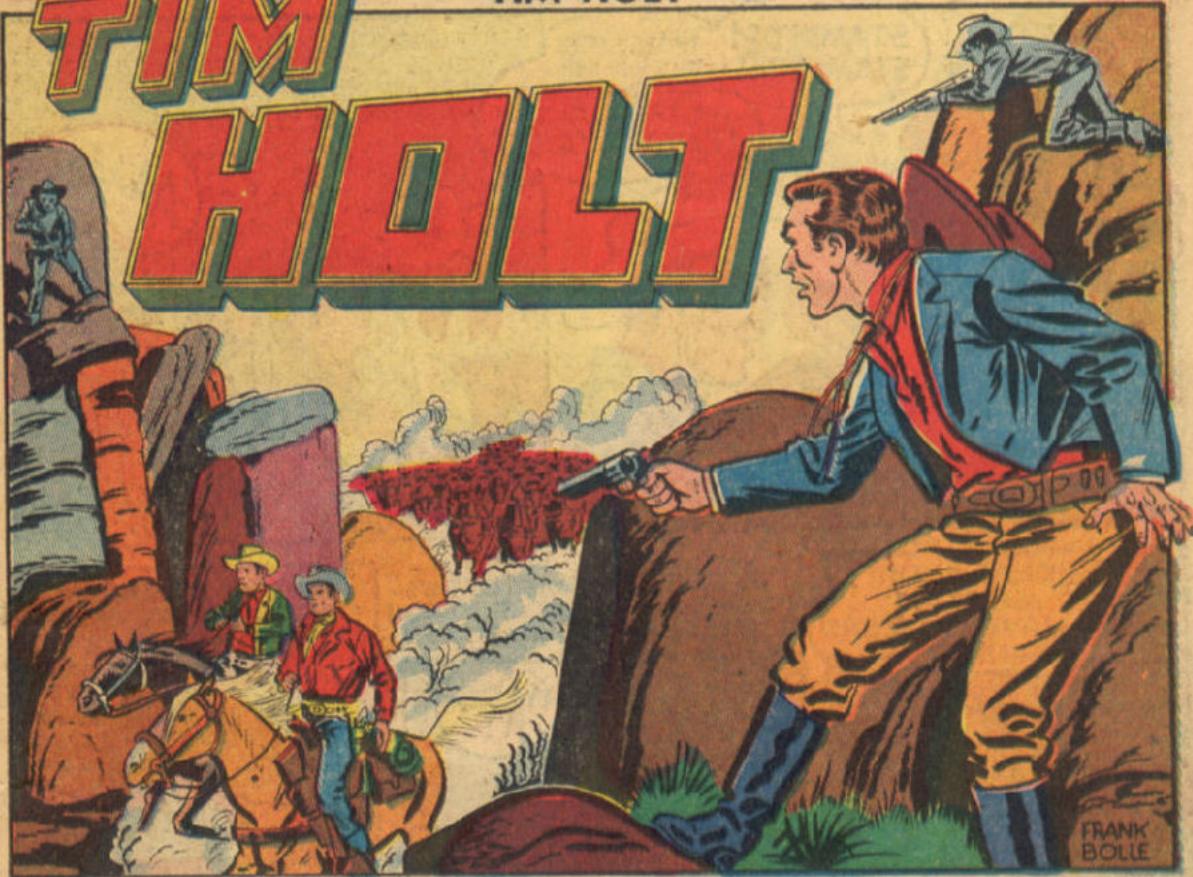
Chito Rafferty's horse seems to be smiling at his master as Tim asks the Mexican Irishman if he can't take his mind off food and señoritas?



Tim, framed by outlaw enemies, is in jail, but Chito is right on deck with hooks, chains and mules to rip out the bars if Tim says it's OK.

TIM HOLT

TIM HOLT



THE HUMAN BUZZARDS THAT HOVERED ON THE RIM OF PEACEFUL BUCKTHORN VALLEY LICKED THEIR LIPS IN GREED AS THEY STARED DOWN AT SLEEK, FAT STEERS AND FAST COW PONIES. BUT SLASH FARLEY KNEW HE AND HIS OUTLAW BAND WERE NOT STRONG ENOUGH FOR A DIRECT ATTACK. THEY PLANNED SOMETHING DIFFERENT, BUT JUST AS DEADLY —

AND WHEN TIM HOLT AND CHITO DROVE A PICKED HERD OF T-H STOCK IN TO JOIN BEN CARVER'S TRAIL HERD BOUND FOR KANSAS RAILROADS, THEY RODE INTO THE HATE-FED MAELSTROM OF FLAMING GUNS THAT WAS THE WORK OF —

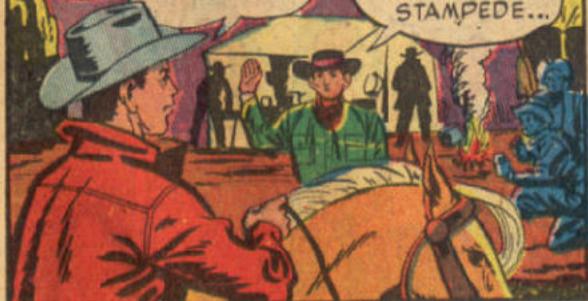
THE WAR-MAKERS!

IT IS DARK WHEN TIM GETS THE LAST OF HIS CATTLE THROUGH MESA GAP AND ONTO THE BROAD FLATS OF BUCKTHORN VALLEY —

RODE OVER TO SAY HELLO, BEN. MY CATTLE ARE RESTLESS. I'M GOING TO STAND NIGHT HERD WITH THEM.

MUST BE SOMETHIN' IN THE AIR. MY STOCK FEEL IT, TOO. I'M AFRAID OF A STAMPEDE...

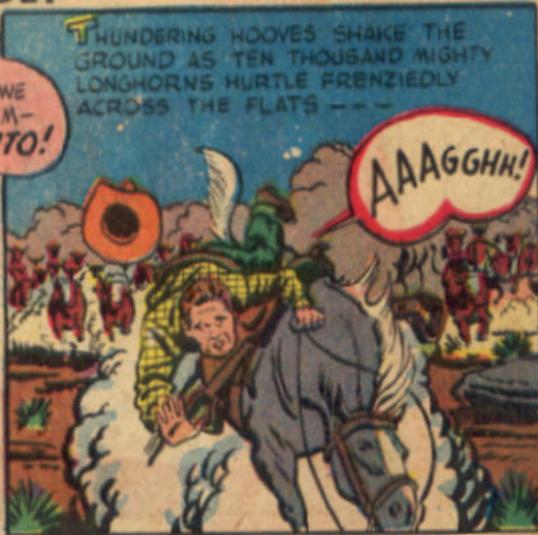
GIT, YOU LONGHORNS!
YAHOOooo!
GIT A-ROLLIN'!



TIM HOLT



THOSE STEERS
WILL RUN UNTIL
THEY DROP IF WE
DON'T TURN THEM—
LET'S GO, CHITO!



GRAB HOLD! AND
DON'T MISS! WE
WON'T HAVE A SECOND
CHANCE!

A DEXTEROUS TWIST OF TIM'S
POWERFUL WRISTS, AND THE FALLEN
COWPUNCHER RISES SWIFTLY—



THE WAVE OF MADDENED
STEERS SWEEPS OVER THE
CAMP, TRAMPLED GEAR
AND BEDDING —



FOR HOURS THE CATTLE RAN TOWARD
DAWN, TIRED AND EXHAUSTED, THEY BUNCH
AND MILL. MILES BEHIND, A GRIM-FACED
TIM LIFTS A DUSTY NECKERCHIEF —

THIS IS THE SPOT WHERE
SOMEONE WAVED THAT SLICKER.
WHOEVER DID IT — DROPPED
THIS!

I KNOW THAT
BANDANA ANYWHERE!
IT BELONGS TO
ASA DOONE OF
THE RAFTER A!



LATER, AT THE WRECKED CAMP —

THAT NECKERCHIEF IS
PROOF ENOUGH. GRAB
HOLD OF THESE WINCHESTERS,
YOU PUNCHERS! WE'RE
GOING TO PAY THE
RAFTER A AN
UNSOCIAL VISIT!



TIM HOLT

ME AN' ASA DOONE HAVE BEEN HAVIN' A FEW WORDS ABOUT WATER RIGHTS TO THE BUTTERNUT RIVER — BUT I NEVER THOUGHT HE'D STOOP TO SUCH A LOWDOWN, ORNERY STUNT!

HERE'S YORE NECKERCHIEF, ARE YUH LOCO, CARVER? I AIN'T BEEN OFF MY RANCH IN THREE DAYS!



BECAUSE, IF YOU BIG RANCH OWNERS START A FIGHT, THERE'LL BE A BIG RANGE WAR THAT WILL SPLIT THIS VALLEY WIDE OPEN. MEN WILL BE KILLED... WOMEN WILL BE WIDOWED... IT'LL BE BLOODY AND COSTLY— AND WON'T PROVE A THING! LET THE LAW HANDLE IT!

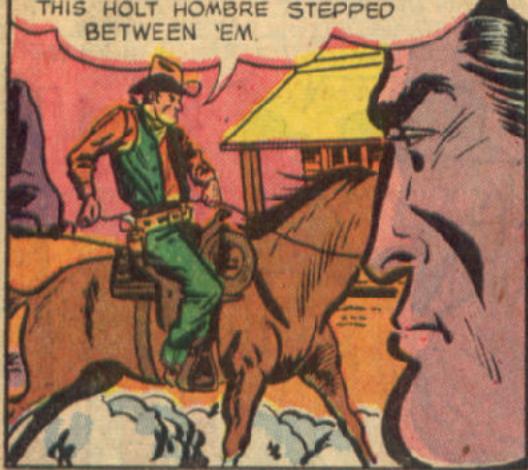


TIM HOLT

I SAW 'EM, SLASH! THEY COME TO BLOWS ON THE PORCH — THEN THIS HOLT HOMBRE STEPPED BETWEEN 'EM.

CARVER SAID IT WOULDN'T TAKE MUCH TO MAKE HIM REACH FOR HIS SIXES!

IT WON'T, HUH? WELL, I GOT THE VERY THING THAT'LL MAKE HIM DO IT!



ASA DOONE WILL KNOW WHAT TO DO — WHEN HE FINDS THIS SPUR, TOMORROW OR THE NEXT DAY...

FOR THE NEXT TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, TIM AND CHITO WORK WITH THE RUNNING Y HANDS, ROUNDING UP STRAYS FROM THE STAMPEDE. ON THE MORNING OF THE SECOND DAY —

SAY, HERE COMES SHERIFF HAL LACEY. YUH DIDN'T SEND FOR HIM, DID YUH?

NO. HMM—HE LOOKS MIGHTY GRIM.



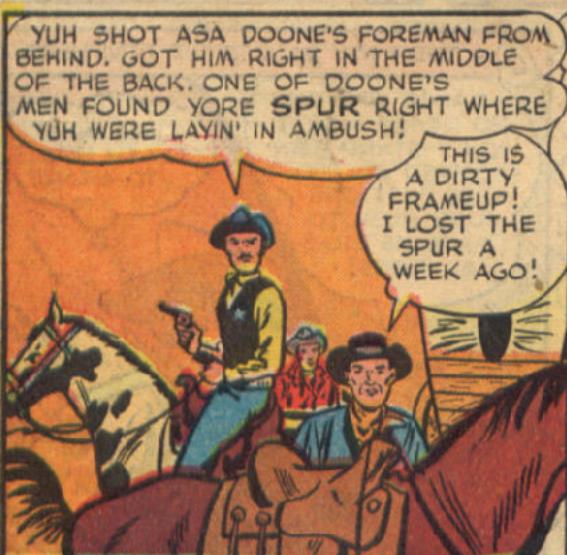
I'M ARRESTIN' YUH FOR MURDER, CARVER. I DON'T WANT NO TROUBLE. COME ALONG PEACEABLE TO STAND TRIAL...

TARNATION! I AINT KILLED NOBODY — THOUGH I WON'T SAY I HAVEN'T BEEN TEMPTED TO, LATELY.



YUH SHOT ASA DOONE'S FOREMAN FROM BEHIND. GOT HIM RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BACK. ONE OF DOONE'S MEN FOUND YORE SPUR RIGHT WHERE YUH WERE LAYIN' IN AMBUSH!

THIS IS A DIRTY FRAMEUP! I LOST THE SPUR A WEEK AGO!

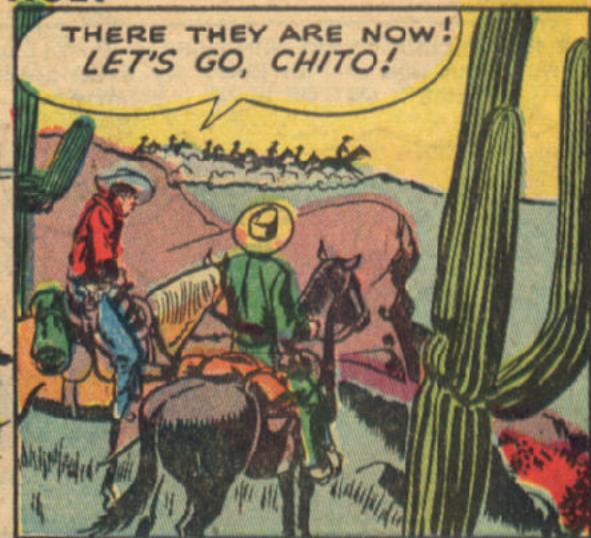
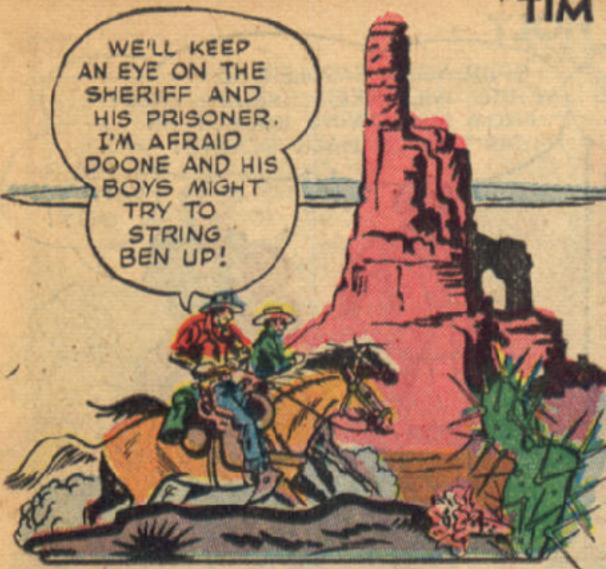


I DON'T LIKE THIS, CHITO. TWICE NOW DOONE OR CARVER HAVE BEEN ACCUSED OF SOMETHING THEY DENY! AND BOTH TIMES SOMETHING WAS LEFT BEHIND — TO BE FOUND!

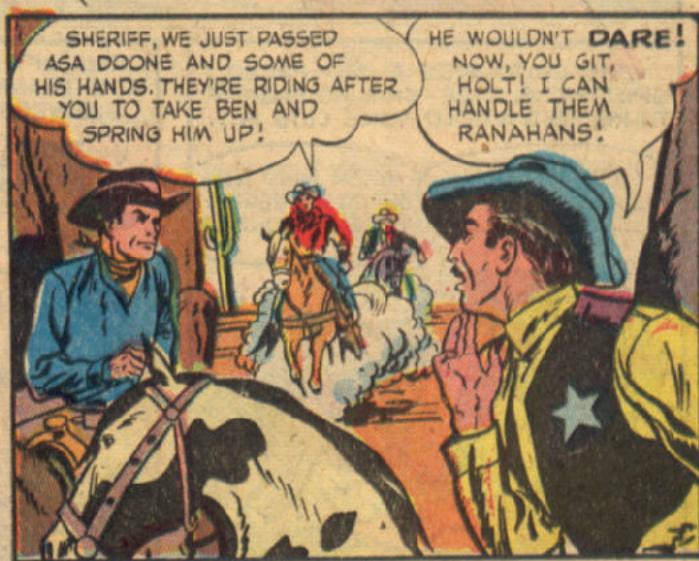
AHA! ONCE MAYBE COULD EET BE. BUT TWICE EES FOR TO BE TOO MUCH TO BELIEVE, EH?



TIM HOLT



THE GRIM RACE TO SAVE BEN CARVER'S LIFE IS DRAMATIZED BY THE THUD OF RACING HOOVES ON BARREN GROUND! FOAM FLECKS THEIR HORSES' MOUTHS AS TIM AND CHITO RIDE BENT LOW IN THE SADDLE ---



TIM HOLT

NOW LOOK WHAT YUH DONE!
MY PRISONER IS HIGHTAILIN'
IT LIKE SIXTY OUT OF HERE!

I AM SO
EMBARRASS'!
MY FACE,
SHE EES
VER' RED
LIKE A
SUNSET!

SPUR YOUR SADDLER, BEN!
CHITO WILL KEEP SHERIFF LACEY
FROM FOLLOWING US, BUT HE
CAN'T HOLD BACK DOONE!

I'M
WITH YUH,
BOY!



AS CHITO AIDS A RED-FACED,
SPUTTERING, RAGE-SHAKING SHERIFF
TO HIS FEET, A COLD VOICE CUTS IN...

I OUGHT TO
HORSE-WHIP—!

NEVER MIND HIM,
SHERIFF. WHERE'S
YORE PRISONER?



NONE OF
YORE BLANKETY
BUSINESS!

TAKE YORE HAND OFF YORE GUN,
SHERIFF! I'M GOIN' TO SWING
BEN CARVER FOR MURDER AN'
YUH AIN'T GOIN' TO STOP
ME! ALL RIGHT, BOYS. HOLT
HELPED CARVER ESCAPE.
LET'S GO GET
'EM!



CHITO, MEBBE YOU AN'
TIM HOLT WAS SMARTER'N
I FIGGERED, GETTIN'
CARVER AWAY FROM ME.
DOONE WOULD'A SHOT
ME DOWN LIKE A DOG
IF I'D HAD HIM WITH ME!
THERE WAS PLAIN MURDER
IN HIS EYES!

SOME HOURS LATER, IN A
SMALL CAVE HIGH IN THE
SWEETWATER MOUNTAINS...

I'LL HAVE CHITO RIDE UP
HERE 'WITH FOOD, BEN.
YOU STAY HIDDEN!

I'LL DO
LIKE YUH
SAY, TIM. BUT
I'D RATHER
BE OUT
FIGHTIN' IN
TH' OPEN!



THAT
NIGHT
AT THE
RAFTER A...

TIM
HOLT!

EASY, DOONE!
I'M NOT
HERE TO
FIGHT — I
WANT TO
TALK!



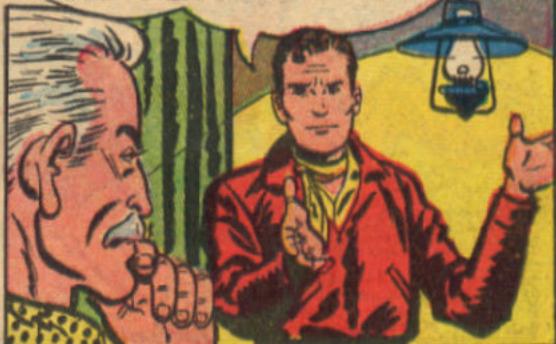
TIM HOLT

DOONE, YOU CLAIM YOU DIDN'T STAMPEDE CARVER'S HERD. AND I KNOW HE DIDN'T KILL YOUR FOREMAN BECAUSE HE WAS IN MY SIGHT EVER SINCE WE RODE OFF YOUR RANCH TOGETHER!

IF HE DIDN'T—
WHO DID?



SOMEONE WHO WANTS YOU TWO RANCHERS TO START A LONG, BLOODY RANGE WAR! YOU'D LOSE MAN AFTER MAN—WEAKEN BOTH YOUR OUTFITS. WHEN THAT HAPPENS, THIS OUTSIDER CAN MOVE IN HIS GUNMEN AND TAKE OVER YOUR RANGE!



BY TH' ETERNAL! HOLT, I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT! SURE! SOME HUMAN BIZZARD IS SETTIN' UP IN THE HILLS EGGIN' US ON TO A FIGHT TO THE FINISH!

NOW, IF
YOU'LL
LISTEN
TO ME
A
LITTLE
LONGER...



AS THE SUN LIFTS
OVER THE PEAKS OF THE
SWEETWATER HILLS...

THERE'S SOMETHIN'
GOIN' ON AT CARVER'S
RANCH. LOOKS LIKE
HOLT PASSIN' OUT
RIFLES TO A BUNCH
OF RIDERS! WHAT'S
IT MEAN?



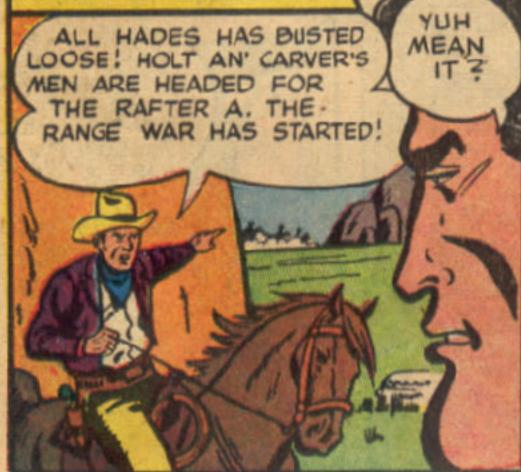
REMEMBER, WHEN WE
SIGHT DOONE'S MEN—
START SHOOTING FAST!



THE OUTLAW LOOKOUT PULLS
IN HARD ON A PANTING MOUNT,
MINUTES LATER—

ALL HADES HAS BUSTED
LOOSE! HOLT AN' CARVER'S
MEN ARE HEADED FOR
THE RAFTER A. THE
RANGE WAR HAS STARTED!

YUH
MEAN
IT?



SEE FER
YORESELF!
IT'S A RUNNIN' GUN FIGHT,
ALL RIGHT! THOSE OUTFITS
WILL KILL EACH OTHER OFF,
THEY'RE SO EVENLY MATCHED!...

NOW'S OUR CHANCE!
LET'S HIGHTAIL IT FOR
THE RUNNING Y!

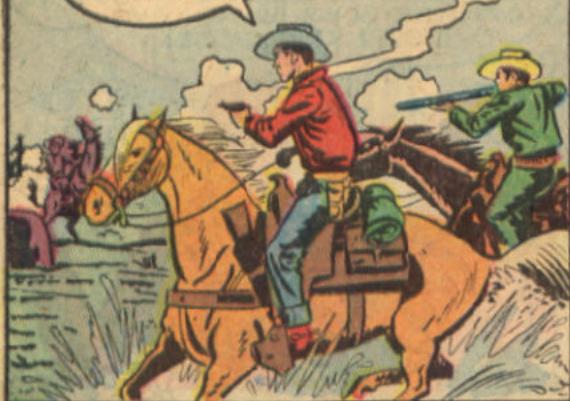


FAR BELOW, THE
WAR-MAKERS SEE TIM'S MEN AND THE CREW
OF THE RAFTER A MEET WITH ROARING GUNS...

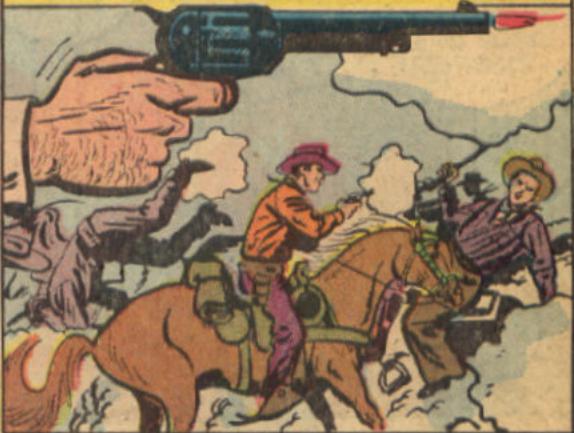
TIM HOLT

AT THE EDGE OF SWEETWATER CREEK...

**LET'S GO,
CHITO!**



RIFLES CRACK! THE SHARP ROAR OF SPITTING SIXGUNS DROWNS OUT THE ANGRY SHOUTS OF FIGHTING MEN!



**STOP! HOLD EVERYTHING,
BOYS! I THINK I SEE
WHAT WE'VE BEEN
WAITING FOR!**



SOME MILES TO THE SOUTH...

**TIM WAS RIGHT!
A BUNCH OF OWLHOOTS
ARE COMIN' OUT OF
THE HILLS — HEADIN'
FOR THE RUNNIN' Y!**

**I RECKON
TIM CAN
SEE
THIS
SMOKE,
WHEREVER
HE IS!**



**AS TIM CALLS, THE "DEAD"
MEN GET TO THEIR FEET
WITH CRIES OF EAGERNESS...**

**COME ALONG, YOU RANNIES!
THE PLAY-ACTING IS OVER!
NOW WE HAVE A **REAL**
FIGHT AHEAD OF US!**



**IT SURE WAS
A SMART IDEA
OF YOURS TO
STAGE THAT
FAKE BATTLE
TIM, AND USE
BLANK
CARTRIDGES
TO FOOL THEM
FROM COVER!**

**THEY
FELL
FOR IT.
TOO—
WE'VE
FLUSHED
THEM
FROM
COVER!
NOW**

**LET'S SEE
HOW THOSE
"WAR-MAKERS"
ENJOY A WAR
THAT THEY'RE
MIXED UP
IN....!**



TIM HOLT

AS THEY NEAR THE RUNNING Y
THE WAR-MAKERS ARE STARTLED
BY A BURST OF RIFLE FIRE...

LOOK! THEY FOOLED US!
THOSE MEN ARE DOONE'S
PUNCHERS, AND CARVER'S
— TOGETHER!



A FLOOD OF HOT LEAD COVERS THE FRONT
YARD AS THE OUTLAWS RUN VAINLY FOR
THE SHELTER OF THE RANCH HOUSE...

GET BEHIND
THEM, WALLS!
WE CAN STAND
THEM OFF IN
THERE...!



ON A BOLT OF GOLDEN
LIGHTNING, TIM HOLT
STREAKS AFTER THE CHIEF
OF THE WAR-MAKERS...

I'M COMING FOR
YOU, OUTLAW!



YUH RUINED MY SCHEME,
YUH BLASTED COYOTE!
I'LL SEE YUH
DEAD....!



AND I WANT YOU—
ALIVE!



TIM HOOKS A CLUB-LIKE FIST, AND
SLASH FARLEY ENDS HIS WAR-MAKING
CAREER WITH A SHATTERING CRASH!

THIS IS ONE TIME
A RANGE-WAR ENDED
BEFORE IT STARTED!



NEXT DAY, AS BEN CARVER AND
ASA DOONE CLASP HANDS IN FRIENDSHIP,
TIM'S VOICE RINGS OUT LOUDLY ---

TIME TO HEAD
FOR HOME!
LET'S GO, CHITO!

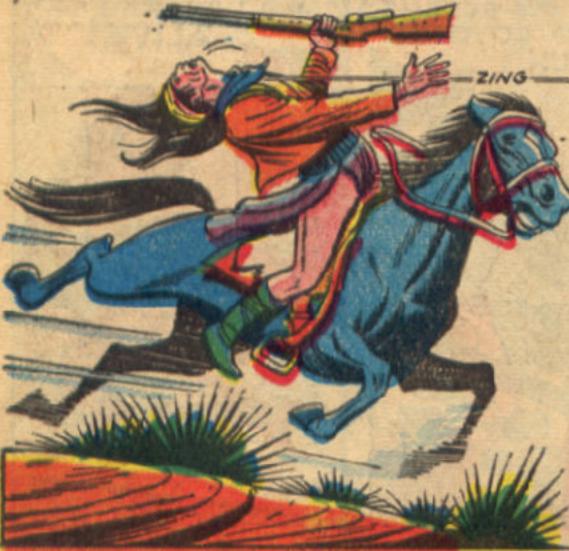
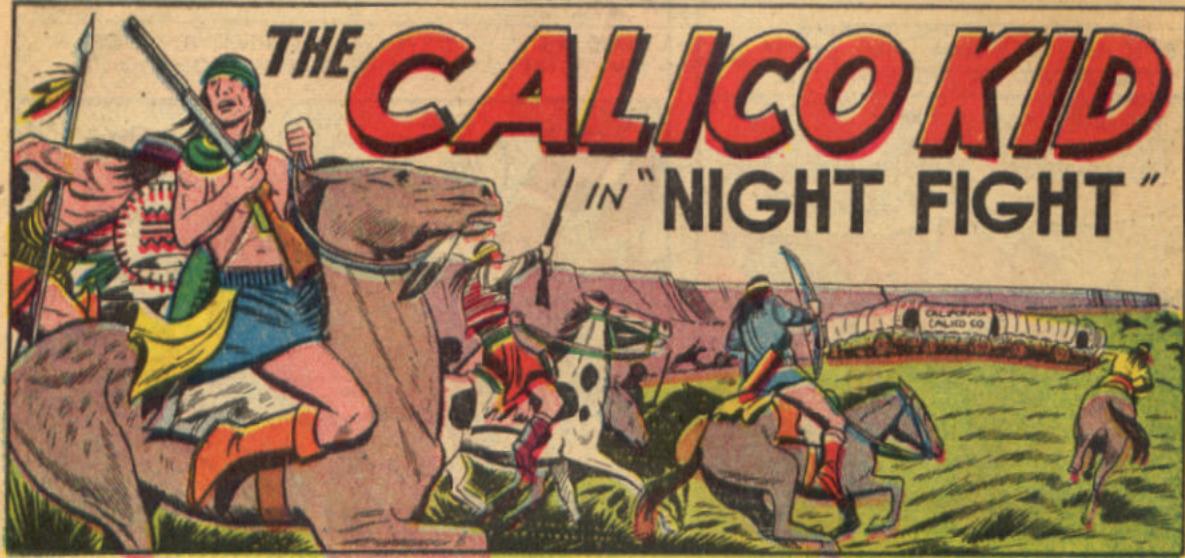


THE END

TIM HOLT

THE CALICO KID

IN "NIGHT FIGHT"



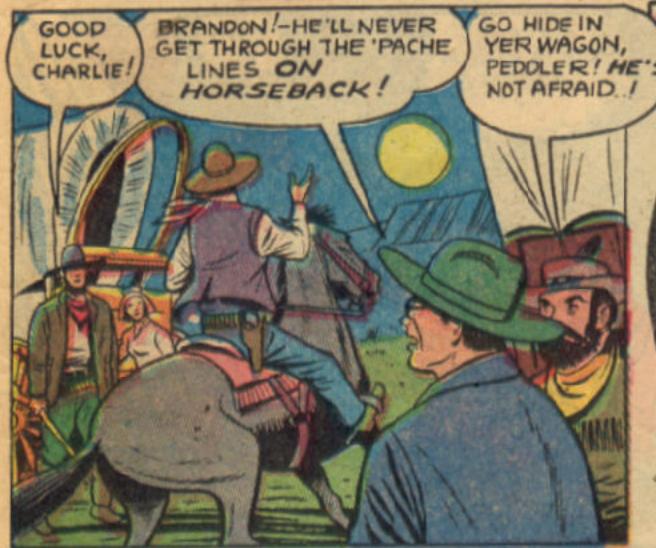
TIM HOLT

LATER, AS DARKNESS FALLS

WELL, THEY'RE GONE—FOR THE TIME BEIN'! LUCKY THEY RAN ONTO US LATE IN THE DAY, AN' COULDN'T ATTACK TILL NEAR SUNDOWN.

THEY HAD TO HIT US A-FORE WE GOT TOO CLOSE TO FORT TILSON.

RIGHT AN' AT DAWN THEYLL BE BACK TUH FINISH THE JOB! SO I WANT A VOLUNTEER TUH TRY TUH BREAK THROUGH TUH FORT TILSON FOR HELP...!



AS THE VOLUNTEER REACHES THE SURROUNDING MALPAIS...!

UHHHH!



TIM HOLT



AFTER WRIGGLING RAPIDLY LIKE A SNAKE
ALONG THE GROUND FOR ABOUT FIFTY YARDS,
THE CALICO KID RISES AND, CROUCHING LOW,
RUNS TOWARD THE INVISIBLE ENCIRCLING
BESIEGERS...



MOVING SWIFTLY, BEFORE THE UNCERTAIN APACHE
REALIZES THAT HE IS AN ENEMY, THE CALICO KID
SNATCHES THE INDIAN'S CARBINE AND-



I DON'T THINK HE'LL
GIVE ANY ALARM NOW!...THE
NEXT THING TO DO IS TO FIND
WHERE THEY'VE PICKETED
THEIR HORSES...



TIM HOLT

THERE'S THE MAIN CAMP. THE HORSES CAN'T BE FAR AWAY....

AFTER AN HOUR OF CAREFUL CIRCUITOUS CREEPING, THE CALICO KID APPROACHES THE PICKETED APACHE HORSES, AND -

-A SUDDEN SHIFT OF THE NIGHT WIND BRINGS THE SCENT OF THE WHITE MAN TO ONE OF THE HALF-WILD INDIAN HORSES!

UH-HNT!

THOUGHT YOU'D FIND A COYOTE SNEAKING UP ON THE PONIES, HEY? BET YOU DIDN'T EXPECT ME...!

LISTEN! SOMETHING TROUBLES THE HORSES!

WAH-HOO!

ENEMY! HE STAMPEDE OUR HORSES!

AAGH!

TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT-

THE WAGON TRAIN FEELS ITS WAY TOWARDS FORT TILSON, THEN AT DAWN...

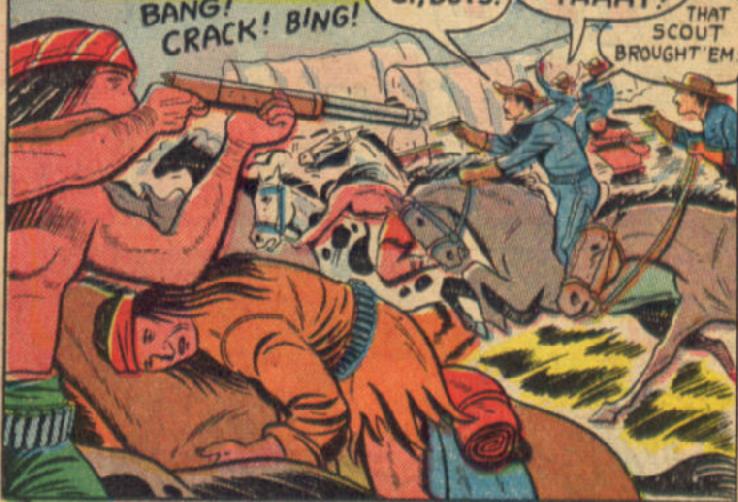
HERE THEY COME AGAIN!



BUT... ONE MINUTE LATER...!

BUST'EM UP, BOYS! THE ARMY! YAAAY! THAT SCOUT BROUGHT'EM!

BANG! CRACK! BING!



I TOOK ADVANTAGE OF ALL THE CONFUSION TO SLIP AWAY FROM THE TROOPS... DON'T THINK ANYONE SAW ME! SLIDE OVER, SING SONG, AN' LET ME SLIP INTO THE BACK...!



THEY'RE ROUTED, LIEUTENANT! GOOD WORK! AND - THANKS!

DON'T THANK ME - THANK THAT WILD-LOOKING MESSENGER YOU SENT, WHOEVER HE IS!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

YUH KIN TAKE YORE CRUMMY JUST TRAIN, YALLER - BACK!
AS YOU SAY, MR. BRANDON!

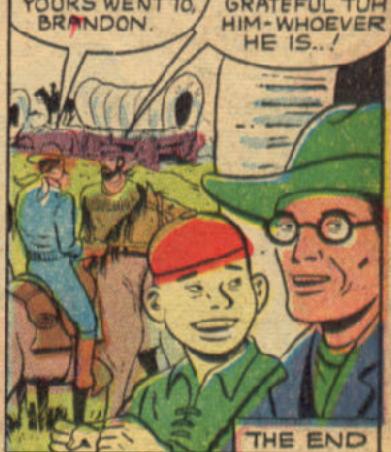
WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THAT, BRANDON?

HUMPH! THAT LITTLE COWARD HID IN HIS WAGON ALL THROUGH THE FIGHT!



Nobody seems to know where that messenger of yours went to, Brandon.

It sure is mighty peculiar, but I'm everlastingly grateful tuh him-whoever he is...!



THE END

TIM HOLT

TIM HOLT

DEATH IS SWIFT AND SUDDEN ON THE WESTERN RANGES. IT LEAPS FROM OUTLAW GUNS, FROM THE LURCH OF A LOCO-CRAZED HORSE, FROM THE SHARP HORN OF A RANGE STEER. DEATH FROM HORSE AND HORN IS A RISK A COWPOKE WILLINGLY TAKES — BUT THE DEATH THAT SPURTS FROM LAWLESS GUNS CALLS ALOUD FOR RETRIBUTION!

WHEN TIM HOLT AND HIS PRAIRIE PARTNER, CHITO, GO TO THE AID OF PUZZLED SHERIFF GATES, THEY FIND AN UNEXPECTED ALLY IN —

The Accusing Statue

THE STEADY POUND OF HOOVES ECHOES THROUGHOUT CACTUS PASS IN THE RIPSAW RANGE SOUTH OF BULLET...



TWO HEAVY WINCHESTERS ROAR AS ONE! A MOMENT LATER A MAN LIES LIFELESS ON THE TRAIL...



TIM HOLT

MEANWHILE, SOME MILES TO THE SOUTH...

JIM HARPER SURE IS
GETTING HIMSELF DISLIKED
BY TRYING TO FENCE IN
THAT WATER FOR
HIS OWN USE.
IT'S FREE TO ALL
THE RANCHERS
IN THIS BASIN,
BY WRITTEN
AGREEMENT...



LOOKS AS IF TROUBLE
IS ALREADY HERE!
THAT'S JIM HARPER—
DEAD!



TWO HOURS LATER, IN BULLET-

THE CATTLEMEN WARNED HIM,
SHERIFF. THEY HAVE RIGHTS TO
THAT WATER. OF COURSE, THAT
DOESN'T EXCUSE
MURDER...



LOOKS LIKE
A HOPELESS
JOB. YOU
CAN'T FIND
A MURDERER
WITHOUT A
CLUE.

WELL,
ANYHOW,
TIM,
THANKS FOR
BRINGIN'
HARPER'S
BODY IN. IF
ANYTHING NEW
BREAKS, I'LL
LET YUH KNOW.



SHY BEAR HELP TIM.
SHY BEAR KNOW
INDIAN MAGIC.
FIND KILLER!

WHY, THANK YOU,
SHY BEAR... BUT
I DON'T THINK YOUR
SPELLS CAN HELP
IN THIS!



NOT SPELL!
STATUE OF GREAT
MANITOU! MANITOU
BETRAY KILLER.
TAKE HIM.
TRY HIM!
GOOD
MAGIC. SHY
BEAR
MIGHTY
SHAMAN!



TIM HOLT

HIDING A SMILE SO AS NOT TO OFFEND THE PROUD OLD MAN, TIM RECEIVES THE STATUE...



TIM! TIM! DON'T RIDE BACK TO YORE RANCH YET—THE WELLS-FARGO PEOPLE TELL ME JIM HARPER'S DAUGHTER IS DUE IN ON THE NEXT STAGE!



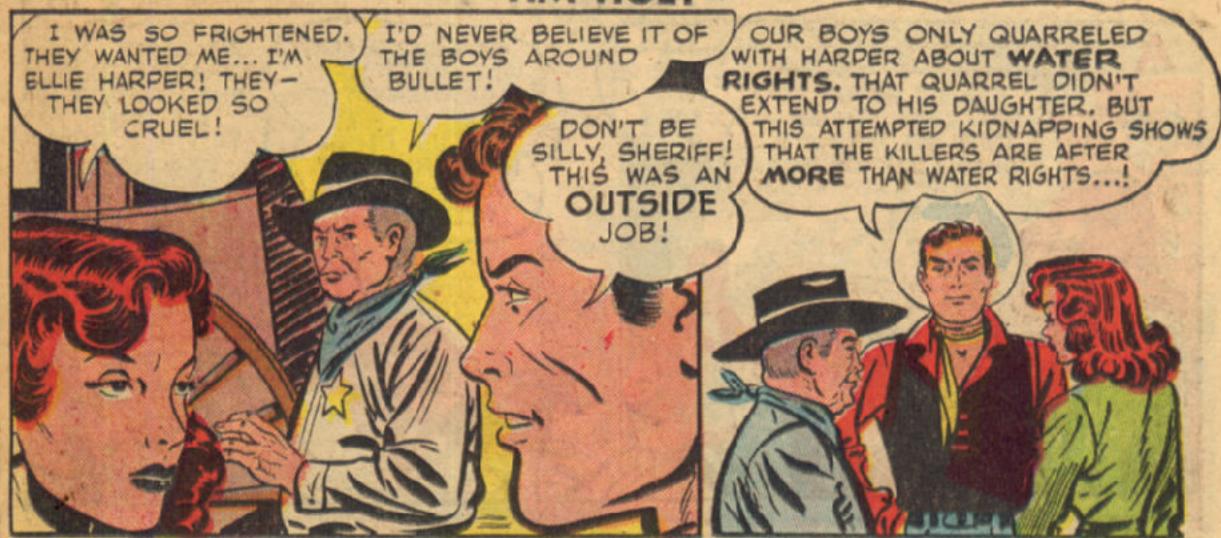
AS A STAGE OF THE STIRRUP STAGE COMPANY ROUNDS A TURN IN A WESTERN RIPSAW MOUNTAINS, A HOARSE VOICE CRIES OUT ---



AT THAT MOMENT, LIGHTNING'S HOOVES TATTOO THUNDER ON THE ROAD AS TIM'S SIX-GUN LEAPS FROM ITS HOLSTER...



TIM HOLT



AFTER TIM AND THE SHERIFF
BREAK THE SAD NEWS OF HER
FATHER'S DEATH AS GENTLY AS
POSSIBLE TO THE WEEPING
GIRL...

I RECKON IT
WAS MIGHTY THOUGHTLESS
OF US, MISS, TO TELL YOU SO
SUDDENLY. BUT WE WANT TO
CATCH THOSE KILLERS. ANYTHING
YOU CAN TELL US THAT WILL
HELP US...?



YOU SEE, MY FATHER
WAS AN OUTLAW, AND
HE RAN WITH A BUNCH OF
OUTLAWS UP NORTH.
ONE DAY HE STOLE ALL
THE MONEY THEY HAD
ROBBED, AND CAME
SOUTH WITH IT. HE
BOUGHT THE SLASH BOX
RANCH, AND SETTLED
DOWN TO LIVE
PEACEABLY...



ON THE WAY TO BULLET,
ELLIE HARPER TELLS HER STORY...

I KNEW NOTHING
OF ALL THIS UNTIL
RECENTLY. I WAS IN
AN EASTERN FINISHING
SCHOOL WHERE MY
FATHER HAD SENT ME
WHEN I WAS JUST A LITTLE
GIRL. WHEN I GRADUATED,
I WAS GOING TO COME LIVE
WITH HIM. THEN, ANONYMOUS
LETTERS CAME, TELLING ABOUT
MY FATHER'S PAST...



THE OUTLAWS FROM
WHOM HE STOLE THE
LOOT WERE AFTER HIM.
HE FINALLY WROTE TO
ME, TELLING ME OF THIS
DANGER, ADVISING ME
TO STAY BACK EAST
UNTIL IT WAS SETTLED.
BUT I CAME OUT HERE
TO BE BY HIS SIDE...
TOO LATE!



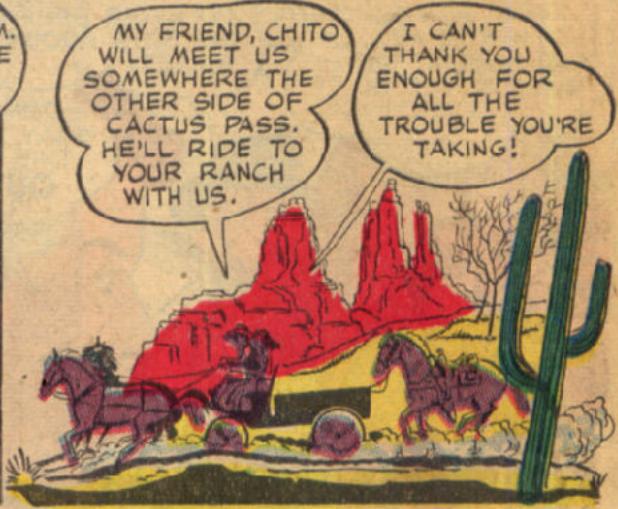
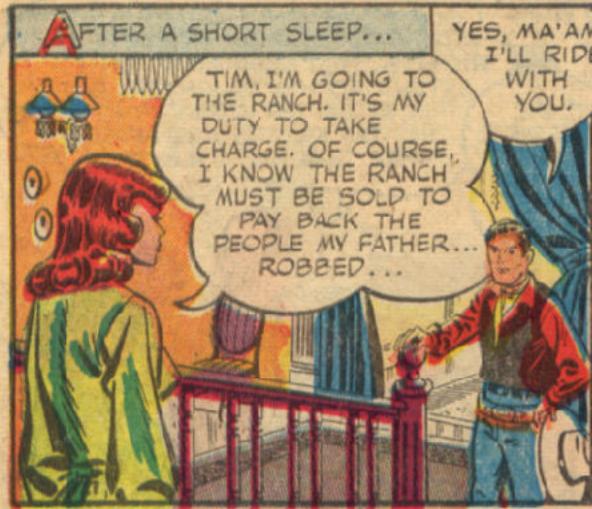
AS ELLIE HARPER RESTS IN THE BULLET
HOTEL, TIM AND SHERIFF GATES TALK IN
LOW WHISPERS ON THE FIRST FLOOR---

THEY'LL MAKE ANOTHER
TRY FOR HER. SHE'S TOO
DANGEROUS TO THEM
ALIVE. THEY WROTE LETTERS
ABOUT HER FATHER — AND
THOSE LETTERS MIGHT
CONVICT THEM IN A
LAW COURT.

I'LL SEND A MAN
FOR CHITO. HE
AND I WILL GUARD
HER UNTIL THIS
THING IS
SETTLED!



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT

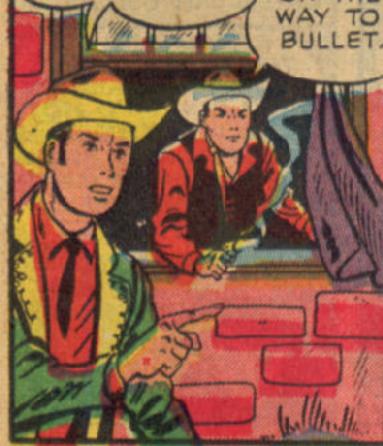
AS ELLIE HARPER TURNS UP THE KEROSENE LAMP, A HAIL OF HOT LEAD SWEEPS TOWARD TIM ---



I WAS ON OTHER SIDE OF HOUSE, TIM. THEY RIDE TOWARD CACTUS PASS!

PROBABLY ON THEIR WAY TO BULLET.

THEY STOLE MONEY AND JEWELS — THE LOOT THAT MY FATHER TOOK FROM THEM!



THROUGH ARROYO AND CANYON THE MOONLIGHT CHASE CONTINUES, RIGHT INTO TOWN ITSELF ---

WE ALMOST CAUGHT THEM, CHITO. THERE THEY GO — INTO THE PRAIRIE QUEEN SALOON! YOU STAND GUARD OUTSIDE... DON'T LET THEM COME OUT!

EFF
THEY COME OUT, THEY FIND OUT HOW THEES TOWN OF BULLET GET HER NAME!



GOOD! BUT—
WHAT YUH WANT WITH THEM SULPHUR MATCHES, TIM? YUH DON'T SMOKE, NONE!

THESE MATCHES, SHERIFF — ARE GOING TO HELP CAPTURE THOSE KILLERS FOR US! RIGHT NOW I DON'T KNOW WHO THEY ARE... BUT THE MATCHES WILL TELL ME!



TIM HOLT

MOMENTS LATER, IN THE PRAIRIE QUEEN...

WE'RE AFTER THREE KILLERS, WHO DRYGULCHED JIM HARPER! TIM HERE HAS AN IDEA HOW TO TELL WHO THEY ARE.

GO AHEAD, TIM!

I'M GOING INTO THE NEXT ROOM AND LEAVE THIS LITTLE INDIAN STATUE IN THERE...

YOU FOLKS ARE GOING INTO THAT ROOM ON BY ONE AND PUT YOUR HAND ON THIS STATUE. IT WILL THEN, BY A SECRET WAY KNOWN ONLY TO MYSELF, REVEAL TO ME WHICH OF YOU KILLED JIM HARPER....!



YUH REALLY DON'T BELIEVE THAT HOGWASH, DO YUH, TIM? EES SEELY, TIM! NO STATUE CAN! WAIT! YOU'LL SEE...

ONE AFTER ANOTHER, COWPOKE AND MINER, DANCEHALL GIRL AND BARTENDER, FILE INTO THE SIDE ROOM. WHEN THEY COME OUT, MINUTES LATER...



THE ROOM DARKENS. IN THE PITCH BLACKNESS, HANDS GLOW WITH PHOSPHORESCENT BRIGHTNESS! AND TIM CRIES OUT SUDDENLY...

ARREST THOSE THREE MEN, SHERIFF. THEY ARE THE KILLERS! THEIR HANDS DO NOT GLOW WITH THE PHOSPHORUS FROM THE SULPHUR MATCHES WHICH I RUBBED ON THE STATUE!



I KNEW THE INNOCENT PEOPLE IN THE CROWD WOULD NOT BE AFRAID TO TOUCH THE STATUE. ONLY THE GUILTY MEN FEARED WHAT IT MIGHT DO. THEY SUSPECTED A TRICK — AND DID NOT TOUCH THE STATUE. THEIR HANDS SHOWED NO BRIGHTNESS WHEN THE LIGHTS WENT OUT!



A GOOD JOB, TIM. THE FEDERAL JUDGE WILL TRY THEM ON HIS NEXT SWING AROUND THESE PARTS.



ELLIE HARPER WILL SELL THE RANCH AND PAY BACK THE PEOPLE HER FATHER ROBBED. THEN SHE IS GOING EAST. AND I'M GOING TO THANK OLD SHY BEAR...

The END.

CANYON TRAP



EVEN in the dry Arizona air, the sweat beaded on his forehead as Flip Carson looked down at the white sea of wooly backs. Mark Hedger was driving his sheep forward toward the Crazy Canyons with reckless disregard of the agreement between himself and the cattlemen of the Talus Basin ranges. Once Hedger got his woolies through those twisted canyons onto the rich grasslands of the basin, this entire section would blaze into a bloody range war!

Federal Marshal Carson grunted savagely. It was easy for the Chief Marshal to tell him, "There's a powder keg in Talus Basin, Flip. A sheepman-cattleman war, all set to pop. So I'm sending you there. See Hedger. See the ranch owners. Make some sort of compromise but — stop that war!"

He shifted in the saddle, estimating the time it would take the sheep to hit the first stretch of talus-dotted canyon slopes. He was one man against a range, but he was a federal marshal. A surge of pride made him smile a little as he toed his big white gelding down the gentle slope. *He thinks one man can do it; one good man, that is, he thought. And it's up to me to prove he's right!*

He came down the twisting, narrow trail toward the canyon floor with reckless disregard. Stones and shale clattered and bounced under the gelding's hooves. As he went, Flip loosened the twin, walnut-butted sixguns strapped low on his thighs. It would have been smarter, he knew, to run for the Pitchfork ranch and help; but if he brought the ranches into this attempt to stop the sheep, the range war he came to avert would explode with blood and bullets.

Calmly, unexcitedly, Flip knew this was his job alone. Either he stopped the sheep by himself, or he failed in his mission.

Out of the corner of his eye, he caught sight of a big herd of antelope grazing in one of the box canyons. Their white, bobbing tails made flashes of brilliance in the sunlight as they ran. Flip swung his mount southward, toward the entrance into the canyons.

He rode for ten minutes when the thunderous beat of pounding hooves brought him up with tight rein. A cowpuncher, bent low over

the saddle, was flailing his paint pony with a quirt. Behind him came three sheepmen, rifles in their hands. The man in the lead of the sheepmen Flip recognized as Hedger.

When the cowpuncher was twenty feet from Flip, Hedger lifted his Winchester. A red flame leaped from the blue-steel muzzle. The cowpuncher sobbed hoarsely and twisted sideways, dropping like a stone from the kick. Flip's hands dropped and lifted. His sixguns roared, but at this distance he could not expect a hit. The three sheepmen reined in abruptly at sight of him; spurred their mounts back the way they had come, bending low against the whipping manes.

Flip knelt in the dust of the canyon floor. The cowpuncher's face was a mask of pain. He choked, "... was riding back from town. Took a shortcut . . . they saw me . . . thought I was there to spy on 'em. They chased me."

His head slipped sideways and his eyes closed. Flip growled low. There was no time to take the cowhand to his ranch, for decent burial. It would have to be done here, now, quickly and crudely; for Hedger would waste no time getting his sheep through the canyons. However, Flip realized, Hedger would have to get rid of him, Flip Carson, too: he was a witness to the cold-blooded killing.

Less than thirty minutes later, Flip was moving forward along the rimrock, pausing to glance back at the wind-eroded rocks where three sticks of dynamite were set at strategic spots in the rocks. One good blast from that dynamite, and fifty tons of rock would cascade down the side of the canyon wall to block the floor to anything less than a mountain goat!

When Flip reached the lip of the rimrock, he turned and looked far down the canyons, where the moving sheep made a tossing white blanket along the sandy canyon bottom. They were near enough now to see the rock as it exploded, yet far enough away to be unharmed.

Flip pressed down on the plunger, and a solid sheet of red flame rocked the canyon with ear-blasting echoes. Head down, he crouched on the edge of the cliffside, hearing the rock split and crack, hearing it rattle and

TIM HOLT

bounce as it rumbled down the sloping wall toward the flat canyon floor. Dust lifted in gigantic mushrooms. Tiny chips of stone thudded around him.

When the noise faded, and as the dust was settling, Flip heard the frightened bawling of the sheep. Half a dozen men had run forward, and were staring at the boulders astide the road through Crazy Canyons. It would take them days to remove that block. In that time, he would have made his arrest of Hedger for the murder of the cowpuncher, and the threat of a sheep war would be over. Without Hedger, his men would turn back.

Flip rose to his feet, balancing himself carefully on the slender walk.

Poiiinnng!

The shrill whine of a Winchester bullet ended with a dull *thupppp* on the canyon wall inches from his face, then sang shrilly as it ricocheted upward toward the blue sky. Flip went forward on his stomach, crawling toward the wider top of the cliff.

Again the rifle cracked, and again. The bullets hit close to his chest. He risked a glance behind and below him. Hedger was standing on the canyon floor, levering another shell into his .44-40.

"I'm after you, lawman!" the sheep owner bellowed. "It's between you and me now! I got three days to clear that block—three days in which to run you to your grave!"

And Hedger ran forward and began to climb. He paused to wave a blue-shirted arm, and then Flip saw the men who were with him: four—no, five sheepmen, with lowslung Colts and Winchesters, and bandoliers of shells across their middles.

Flip travelled fast, up the sheer rocksides, clinging to shrubs and clumps of mesquite. He could not fight off six men in these rocks. While three of them pinned him in some hiding place with their fire, the other three could circle above or behind him, and a well-placed shot would end his crime-fighting career. Somehow he would have to let Hedger get close to him—but how?

From the height of the canyon wall, extending almost to the other side, was a sheer bluff of red sandstone. It made a natural bridge that stretched to within four feet of the other wall. Flip ran along it, knowing Hedger was close behind him, panting and running, eager for a spot to stop and shoot. Flip flung himself into the air when he came to the gap between the ridges. He hurtled through the air in a jump, landed and spilled amid the rocky debris littering the top of the wall on the opposite side.

Hedger was coming, running fast, bent low. Flip might have dropped him with a shot, but the distance was great, and he wanted Hedger alive, not dead.

Flip turned and fled, moving downwards now, toward the canyon floor. Behind him he heard Hedger bellow.

"He's headin' downward! You hombres go back—cut him off from below, while I pin him to the rocks from above. We'll get him in a crossfire that way!"

Flip moved as fast as he dared. A slip here on the steep slopes would spill him more than a hundred feet below, onto hard, jagged talus rock. He risked another glance into the nearby box canyon. The pronghorn antelope herd was moving restlessly. Flip grinned, and angled down toward the box canyon..

The breeze was on his face as he dropped the last five feet into the box canyon. It was a wide, huge natural corral of a place, with sheer rock walls towering up into the blue sky. With a grimace of recklessness, Flip realized that it might prove a trap for him. He could hear excited shouts, and drumming feet coming up the outside floor. He had to time this just right....

His guns flashed into his hands, started blasting against the wall behind the pronghorns. Antelope will invariably head upwind when startled. Now, with white tails flashing, they went bounding and leaping forward toward the narrow canyon entrance through which the wind was whipping.

The antelope and the five sheepmen came into the narrow entrance together. Crazed by the screaming bullets bouncing off the rock walls behind them, followed by a wildly screaming federal marshal, the pronghorns never faltered. They hit the five sheepmen, crashed them to the ground and ran over them.

Flip whirled, and his smoking guns were refilled with shells. Hedger, hearing his men yell, must have reasoned that they had cornered the marshal. He was standing on a ledge fifteen feet from the ground, a rifle in his hand, outlined against the red-and-white-veined canyon wall like a target in a gallery.

Flip said, "Toss your rifle first, Hedger—then slip off your shell belts and let them fall. You're coming into town as my prisoner, to face a murder charge. Don't expect any help from those five hombres of yours, either. They're too busy patching up their wounds. A pronghorn's hoof can do a lot of damage when you catch it in the ribs."

Hedger let his rifle fall. His shellbelts slipped from his hips. His shoulders rounded and his head fell forward. He was a beaten man.

Flip knew the danger of a range war was over. He whistled a few bars of a dancehall tune as he followed Hedger toward his horse. He felt good.

THE END.

TIM HOLT

TIM HOLT'S

RANGE
BOOK



THE STRAIGHT IRON...

A BRANDING IRON USED BY RUSTLERS, FOR WITH A STRAIGHT (OR UNSHAPED) BRAND, ANOTHER BRAND CAN EASILY BE CHANGED, OR COPIED. FINDING A STRAIGHT IRON ON A MAN WAS ALMOST A DEAD SNEAWAY THAT HE WAS A RUSTLER!

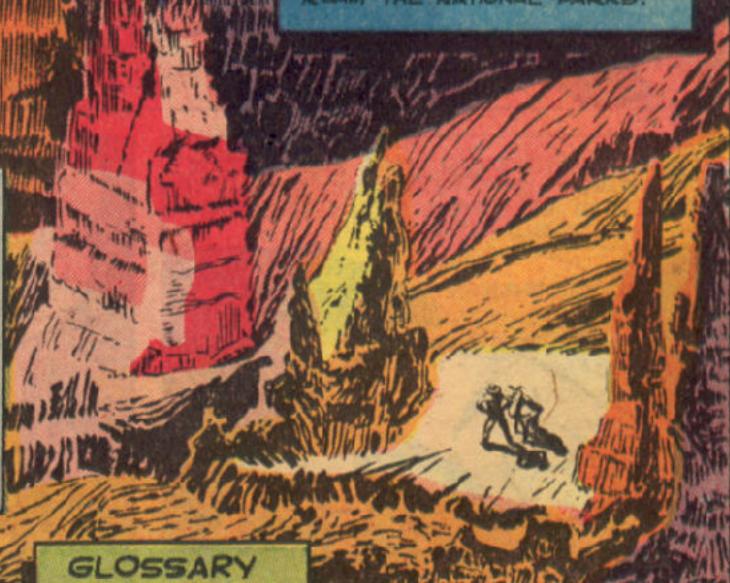


THE BUFFALO...

THAT ONCE ROAMED THE PRAIRIES OF THE WEST NUMBERED OVER MILLIONS IN ONE HERD! INDIANS DEPENDED ON THE BUFFALO FOR FOOD, CLOTHING, TALLOW, AND HALF A DOZEN OTHER NEEDS OF DAILY LIFE. NOW ALMOST EXTINCT, A FEW HERDS ROAM THE NATIONAL PARKS.

CANYONS...

FROM THE GRAND CANYON IN ARIZONA TO BRYCE CANYON IN UTAH, AND HELL'S CANYON IN IDAHO, THESE MIGHTY GAPS IN THE EARTH'S CRUST ARE TYPICALLY AMERICAN. HOLLOWED OUT BY ANCIENT RIVERS, AND ERODED BY GIANTIC WIND STORMS, THEY ARE DIPPED IN THE COLORS OF THE RAINBOW!



GLOSSARY

MESCAL: AN INDIAN AND MEXICAN DRINK MADE FROM THE MASCUEY PLANT

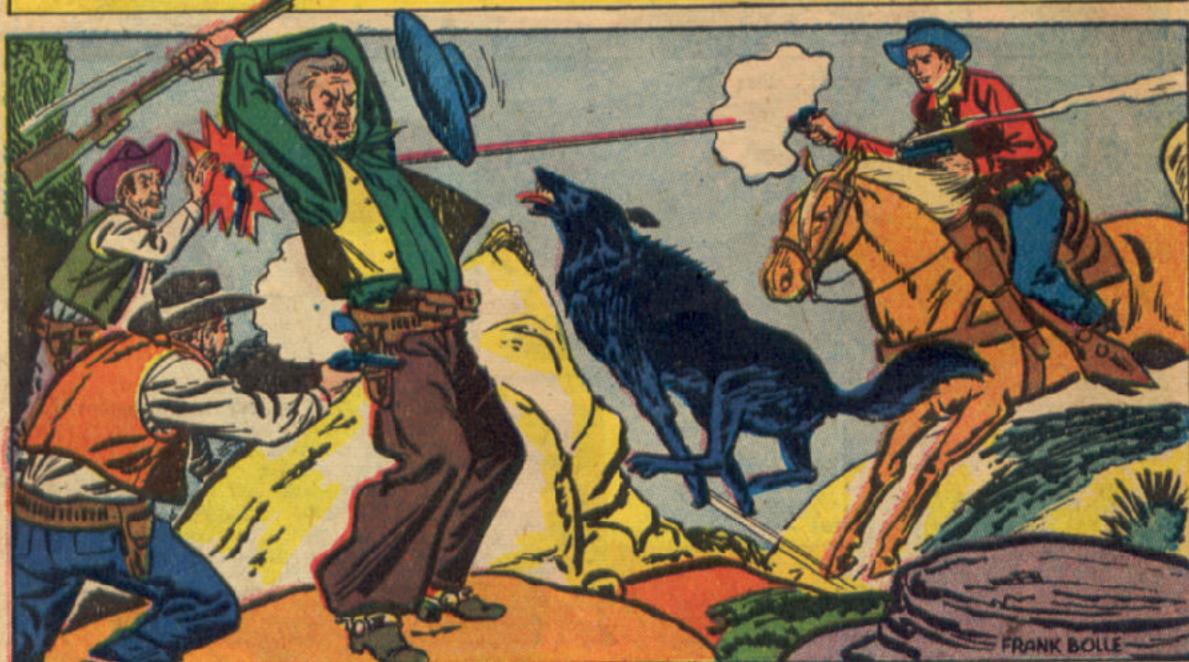
MORGAN: A STRAIN OF HORSES

TO COUNT COUP: COWBOY TERM FOR COUNTING UP THE DEAD AFTER A BATTLE

TIM HOLT

TIM HOLT

DOG OR WOLF? WOULD "THUNDER" STAND THAT STRANGE TEST OF LOYALTY BETWEEN MAN AND DOG, OR WOULD THE WOLF BLOOD THAT COURSED IN HIS VEINS TURN HIS MUZZLE TO THE WILDS? THOUGH TIM BELIEVED IN HIM, THUNDER HIMSELF HAD TO GIVE THE ANSWER TO THE PROBLEM OF THE WILD BREED



FRANK BOLLE

SOMEWHERE ON THE SOUTHERN FRINGE OF THE T BAR H RANCH, AMID THE VOLCANIC ROCK RIDGES OF THE BADLANDS ---

GRRRRR...



I'VE BEEN HUNTING THE LION THAT'S BEEN KILLING MY STEERS — AND IT LOOKS AS THOUGH I'VE FOUND HIM....!



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT

ONE AFTERNOON...

I'M TAKING CASH TO
RED MESA TO BUY
THAT BREEDING STOCK,
CHITO.

BE CAREFUL,
TIM. THAT IS
LOT OF MONEY
FOR TO
BE CARRY
ON YOU.

I'LL BE CAREFUL.
THUNDER AND LIGHTNING
WILL GET ME BACK
SAFE AND
SOUND
ADIOS!

I AM HOPING
SO, TIM!
HASTA LA VISTA!



IMAGINE CHITO THINKING
YOU'RE A WOLF.
YOU'RE ALL DOG,
AREN'T YOU,
THUNDER?

-WROOF-
-WROOF-



IN A COW TOWN NORTH OF
THE RIPSAW MOUNTAINS—

THERE GOES THAT
LOOSE BUCKLE! SHOULD
HAVE FIXED IT BEFORE
I LEFT THE RANCH!



LUCKY THING NO ONE
IS AROUND TO SEE
ALL THIS CASH!



CHARLEY! SNAPPER!
SOME HOMBRE JUST
LANDED IN TOWN
LOADED DOWN
WITH GREENBACKS!

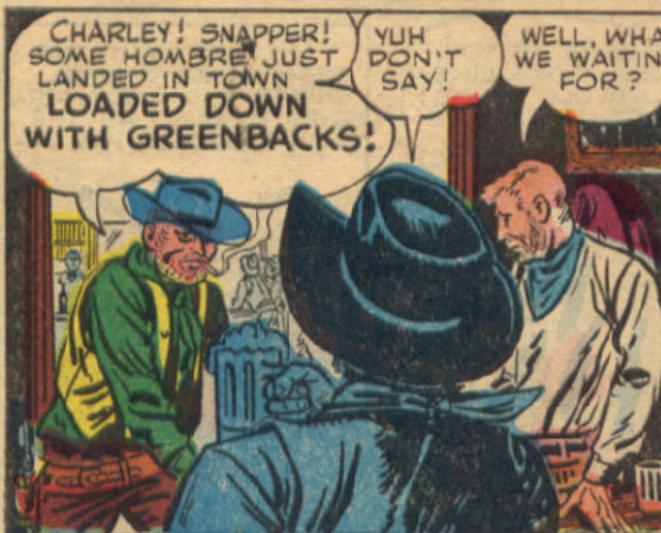
YUH
DON'T
SAY!

WELL, WHAT'RE
WE WAITIN'
FOR?

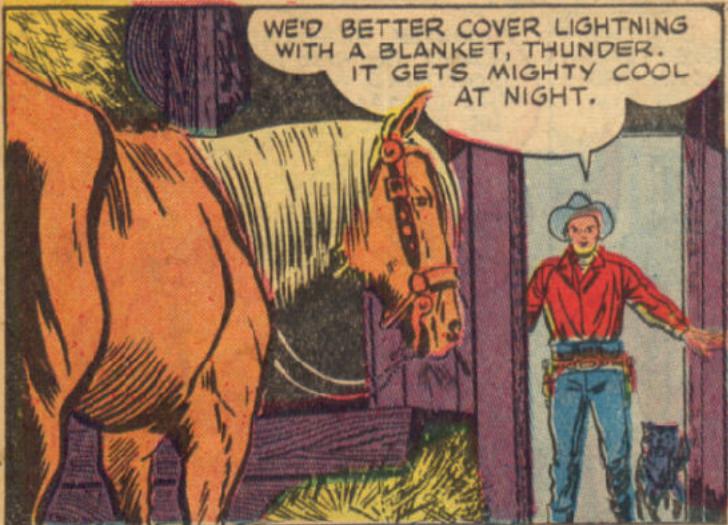
HE'LL
BE BACK
TO RUB
DOWN THAT
PALOMINO.

IT'S GETTIN'
DARK.
IF HE COMES SOON,
WE'LL GIT A
BREAK.

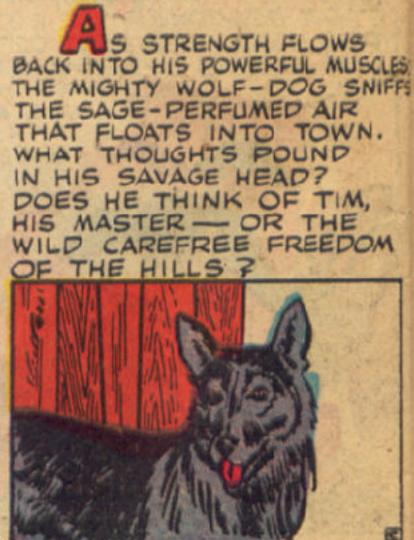
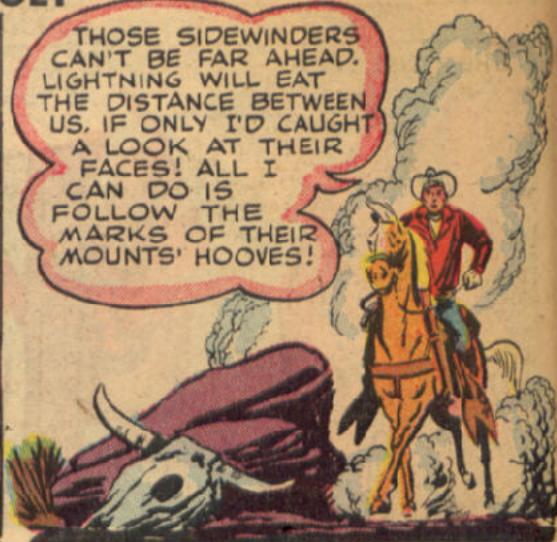
LISTEN!
FOOTSTEPS!



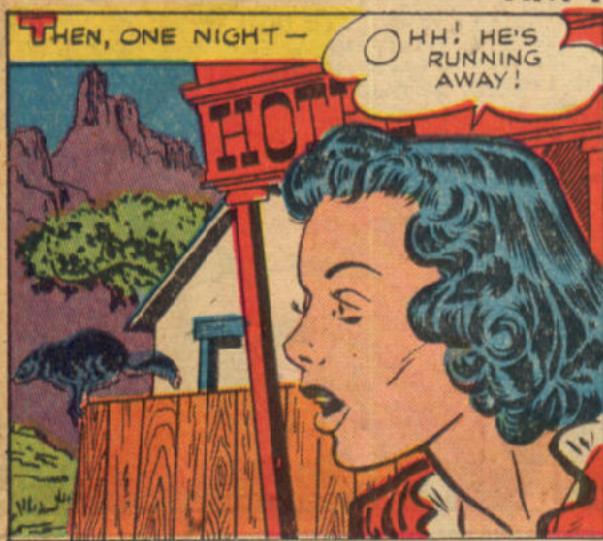
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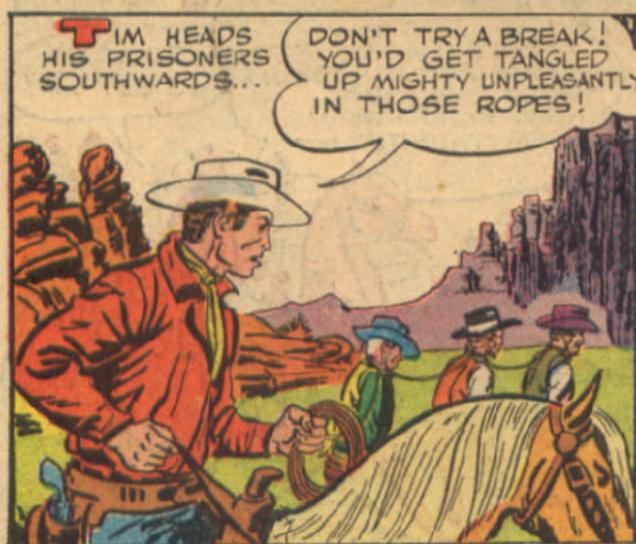
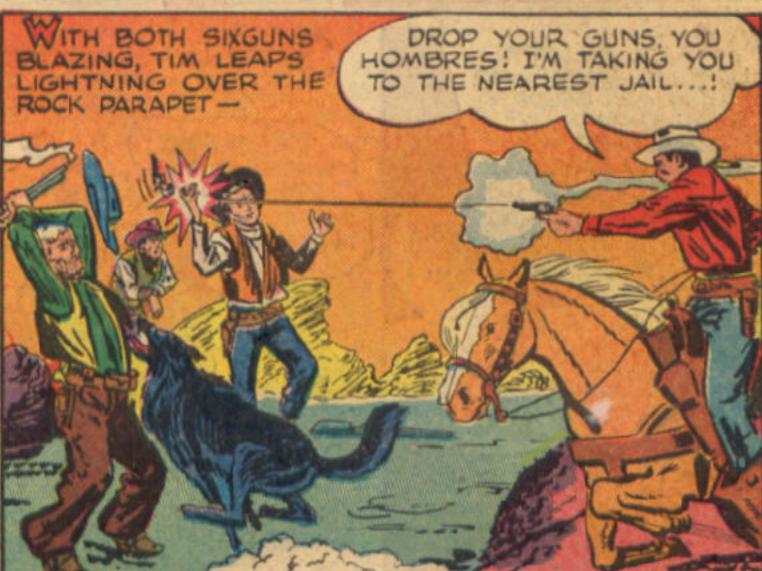
TIM HOLT



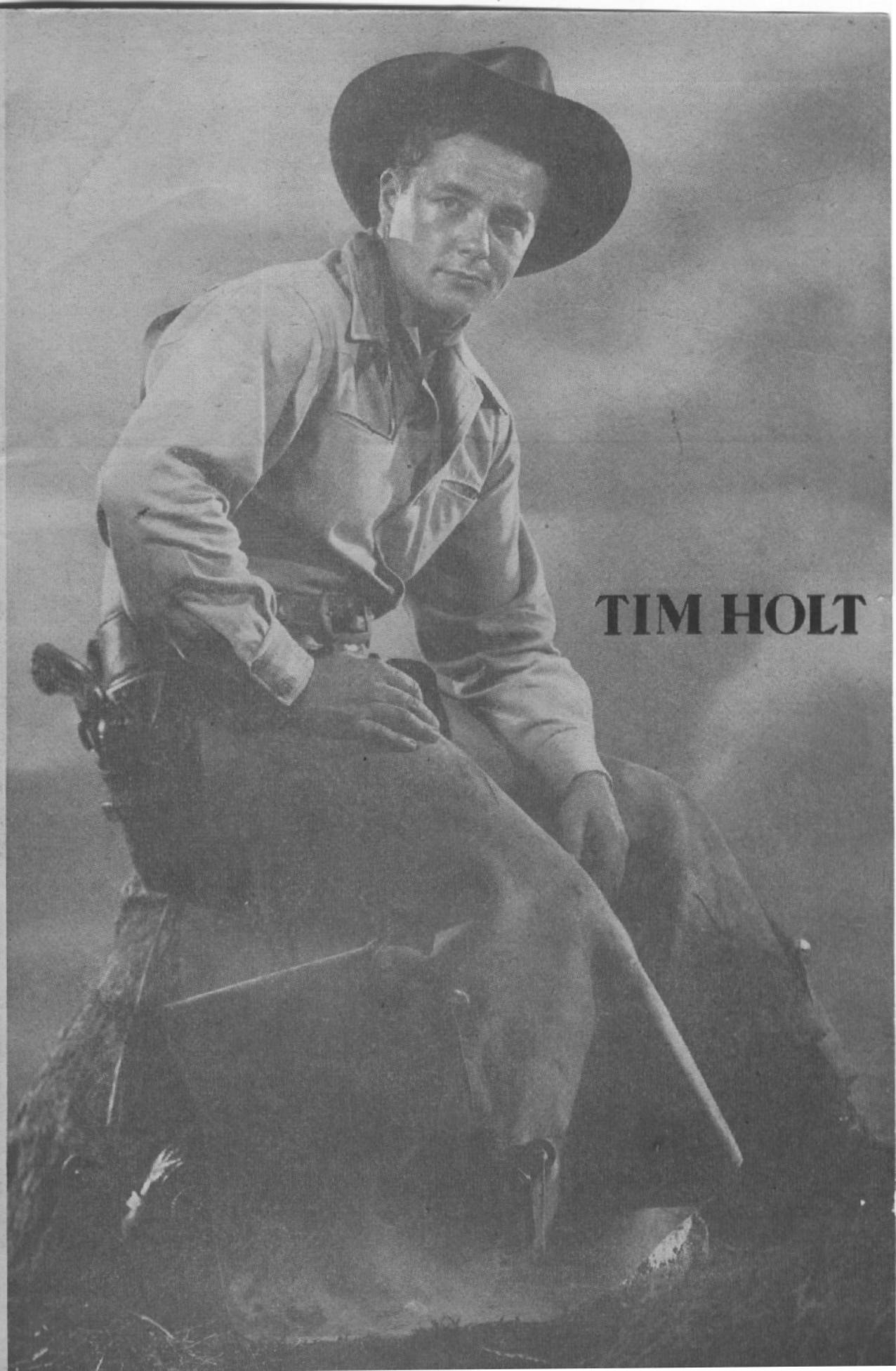
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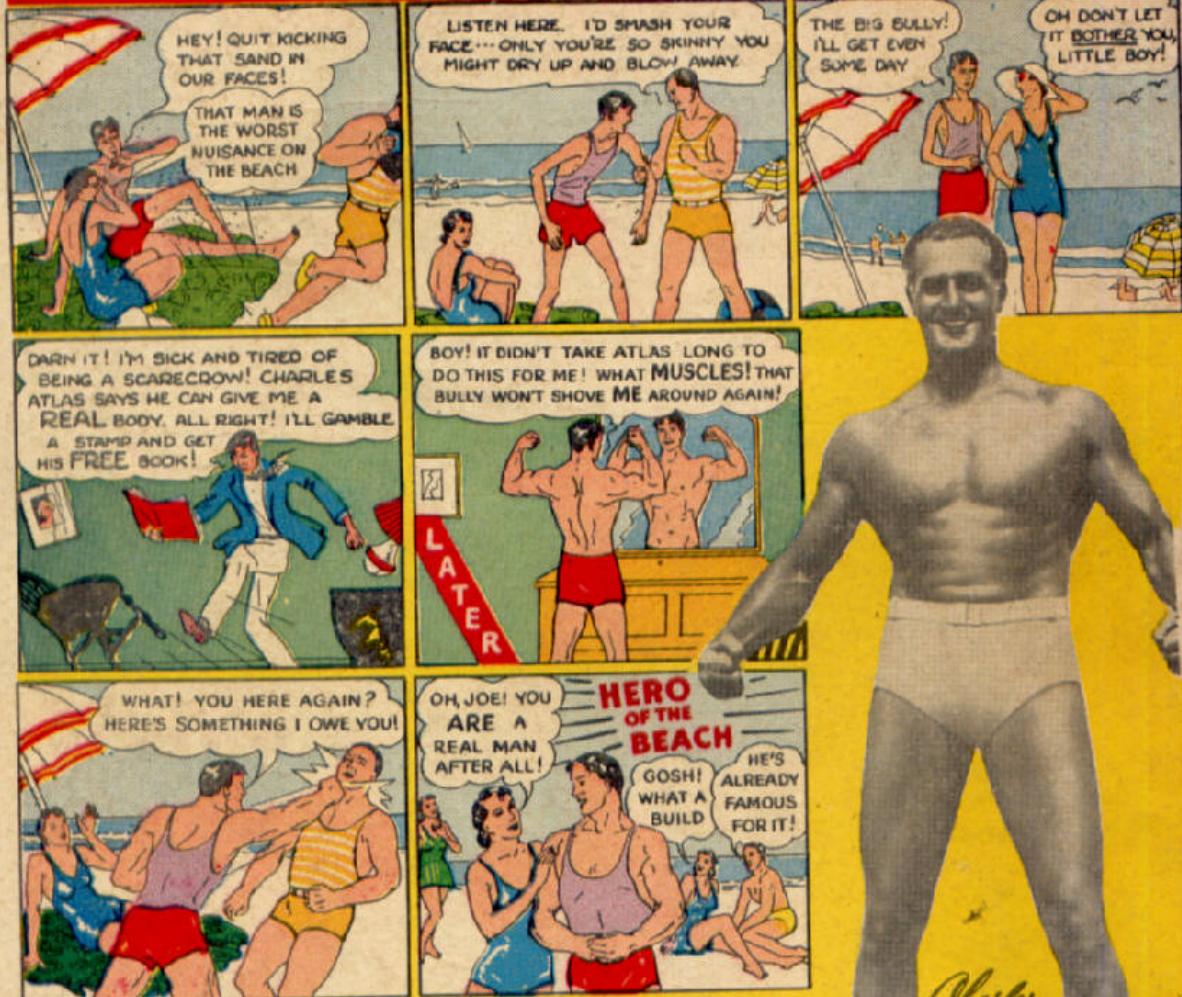


THE END

A black and white studio portrait of cowboy Tim Holt. He is seated on a dark horse, facing slightly to his left. He wears a wide-brimmed cowboy hat, a light-colored long-sleeved shirt, and dark trousers. A belt with a large buckle cinches his waist. He holds the reins with both hands. The background is a mottled, light-grey studio backdrop.

TIM HOLT

HOW JOE'S BODY BROUGHT HIM FAME INSTEAD OF SHAME



**I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too,
in Only 15 Minutes a Day!**

If YOU, like Joe, have a body that others can "push around"—if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality! "Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a spindly-shanked, scrawny weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy,

NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be! You'll be a New Man!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—**FREE**. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I

can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 190-U, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.



Charles
Atlas

—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 190-U

115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....Age.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

Zone No. (if any).....State.....
City.....